

Caroline of Old

BY HENRY DONNEL.

"And now, no barrier between our lives, can I never, never again—never, now that I know I am *too closely* of you, from the very anguish I feel to have so strong you—can never, never again be the *Caroline of old*" and in that pause there came from out of a melodious melancholy strain, softly, softly, borne over the cold, blue waters: softly, softly, through the autumn mists the music of the *music box*—“*What will He do with it?*”

Days of anguish, days of sorrow;

Sleepless nights of bitter tears,

Sad regrets every morrow,

Faithlessness of by-gone years;

True regretfulness for my weakness;

Which has turned them all great;

Let these plead for me in meekness,

To the Caroline of old.

Oh! my heart is wildly beating

With that love for you alone,

As when, 'neath the beach tree meeting,

I first parted from my own;

Let thy old love come back burning,

From these lips so pale and mate,

Like long *oysters* returning;

From that sweet, that magic flute!

See me bending now before thee,

All my woman's pride is spent;

To the old love now restore me,

Let me cheer thy home at last;

Or let soft, dearest of address,

Pain to others yet untold,

Bring back to thee some gladness,

Bring thee the Caroline of old.

The Beggar's Dream.

The beggar in his lonely bed

In wretchedness is dying,

And yet affluent on his head

A crown divine is lying.

Comes quiet earth and silent grave;

His limbs forsaken cover;

He lay on you his wanderer's staff,

His pilgrimage is over.

On riches, honor, pleasure, strife,

No trust of his is centred;

He liveth naked from this life,

As naked as he was born!

A Christian still bleeding in lies;

When kings may be broken;

A treasure beyond price is his,

A rite in Christ unchanged.

Rough is the bier on which he lies,

On pauper help depending;

No earthly pomp to him arises;

No purchased stars descending

Into the common earth his frame.

In carcass hast is buried,

And in his grace obscure his name

Is now forever buried.

Yet God for his great day of grace

Is still thy name retaining,

The mate entreats of that face

Not like mankind, distaining

He whom the prince of the land

On earth were coldly spurning,

Will come at his God's right hand,

In script glory burning.

My God! if 'tis thy wise decree

That here in want I languish,

May I, like Lazarus, in thee

Find comfort in my anguish!

May angels bear my soul like his

From this pure world of sorrow

To endless plains of heavenly bliss,

To an eternal morrow!

Haw Godfrey Horton chose a Wife.

BY MARY F. CLARKE.

"Courtesy, old boy," said Henry Clayton, as he tilted back his chair, and put his feet upon the mantelpiece, "when is the wedding to be?"

"Whose wedding?"

"Miss Lane's or Jennie, which is it?"

"I do not know, I am sure."

"Now don't be mysterious, Godfrey; you know you are a most constant visitor, and all 'em set" are talking about the match.—Don't pretend you have not selected one of the sisters."

"How do you know either of them will have me?"

"Don't be afoolish old boy, Haw, young, handsome, talented, and with a large fortune, need not be over bashful. Come, be frank, which is the favorite sister?"

"Well, frankly then, Henry, I cannot tell you. I have visited the family for several months, as you know, but I cannot decide—Laura is certainly the handsomest, with her flashing black eyes and quenched manner; but *Jennie*, though the youngest, to be the most womanly and useful of the two.—Yet I cannot be sure of that. My entrance is the signal for cordial welcome and smiles, and let me call at what hour I will, they are always well dressed and apparently disengaged. To be sure I always, in the morning, have to waste some time before Laura is visible."

"Peg, in unexpected, and notice the internal economy!"

"How can I? A card at the door will put any lady on her guard, or even the notice of a gentleman visitor."

"Go there in disguise. As a wash-woman, for instance."

"Good, I will."

"Go there as a wash-woman!" cried Clayton.

"Not exactly, but I will obtain admittance to a morning's privacy."

"Well, let me know the result."

Laura and Jenny Somers were the only children of a widower, who, although in moderate circumstances, moved in a very fashionable society. At the period of my short visit, he was about to supply the lameated Mrs. Somers' place after nearly ten years' marriage, and, although a kind, indulgent parent, had no objections to his daughter's marrying, and, indeed, had told them so. Laura, whose high spirit resented the probabilities of stepmotherhood already selected Godfrey Horton as her husband, and Jenny, who was younger, and greater in spirit, tried to conquer a carefully concealed preference for the same person. All his attentions were manifested by her to a brotherly regard, though every act of kindness or courtesy touched her heart.

It was the morning after a large ball, and the sisters were in the breakfast room to-

Gen. Lane's Letter of Acceptance.

BALTIMORE, June 23, 1860.

To Hon. Joseph Lane:

I am directed, by a vote of the National Convention, to inform you that you have this day been nominated by it as the candidate of the Democratic party for the office of Vice President of the United States, and in their behalf to request you to accept the same. I beg leave at the same time to enclose you a copy of the resolutions adopted by the Convention as the political platform on which the party stands.

I have the honor to be very respectfully yours,

(signed) CALER CUSHING, President.

WASHINGTON, June 30, 1860.

Hon. Caler Cushing, President:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the communication you make in behalf of the National Democratic Convention, at which you inform me that on the 23d I was unanimously nominated by that body for the office of Vice President of the United States, with the request that I should accept the nomination. The platform adopted, and of which you enclose me a copy, meets with my hearty approval, as it embodies what I have been contending for as the only means of stopping sectional agitation by securing to all equality and constitutional rights, the denial of which has led to the present unhappy condition of public affairs. Compromises of constitutional principles are ever dangerous, and I am rejoiced that the true Democracy has seen fit to plant a firm foot on the rock of truth, and to give the people an opportunity to vindicate their love of justice and fraternal regard for each other's rights. Non-intervention on the subject of slavery, I may emphatically say, is the cardinal maxim of the Democracy; non-intervention by Congress and non-intervention by Territorial Legislatures, is fully stated in the platform adopted. In vain should we desire the former, without insisting upon the latter, because to permit a Territorial legislature to prohibit such slavery, or by unfriendly legislation, to invalidate property, would be granting powers to the creature or agent which it is admitted do not appertain to the principle or power that creates; besides which, it would be fastening an element of agitation in the Territories, that must necessarily extend to Congress, and the people of all the States, the right of every citizen to enter the common Territory with whatever property he legally possesses, it necessarily devotes upon the Federal Government the duty to protect this right of a citizen whenever and wherever assailed or infringed.

"Nonensee! I will stand till I am married, and then I can easily save it out of my house-keeping money."

"I should not like to marry in debt," said Jennie.

The old man's eye followed Jennie as she washed, wiped and put away the dishes, swept the room and dusted it, and then sat down beside Laura who was still looking over the basket.

"See Jennie, this scarlet bunch. Will it not be lovely with a few dark leaves to wear with my new silk?"

"But," whispered Jennie, "you can't afford it just now."

"Yes, I can. Father gave me some money yesterday."

"To pay the last dry goods bill."

"Well, I can have that carried to my private account."

"Oh, Laura, I hate to hear you talk of that private account. It seems so much like cheating father."

"Nonsense! I will stand till I am married, and then I can easily save it out of my house-keeping money."

"I should not like to marry in debt," said Jennie.

The old peddler looked earnestly at the sisters.

"You had better take this bunch, Miss," he said to Jennie. "If it is not convenient to pay it now, I will call again."

"No, I shall not take them."

"They are very becoming, Miss. Look in this glass."

They were becoming, mixing with the glossy golden hair, and setting off Jennie's dazzling complexion.

"I wish my hair was light," said Laura, "I should like to wear blue. Godfrey Horton said last night that forget-me-nots were his favorite flowers."

Jennie colored, and placing the bunch again in the basket, said:

"Come, Laura, decide. You are keeping one waiting whose time probably is valuable," then passing a chair, she added, "be seated, sir, you look tired."

"I am tired, indeed," was the reply.

"I will take the scarlet bunch, and these red camellias, and this white cluster," said Laura.

"But sister you cannot afford it."

"Yes, I can. Godfrey Horton is rich.

The old man lit his pipe.

"Think," said Jennie, in a low tone, "if you love him how much it would grieve him to hear of his death."

"Nonensee! Well, I'll tell you how to remedy it. Lend me some money out of the house-keeping funds."

"So," thought the old man, "she is housekeeper. Miss Laura always gave me to understand that was her post."

"Laura! Steal from my father!"

"Then don't preach!"

"Miss Jennie!" said a servant entering at that moment, "the dinner has come."

Jennie left the room, and Laura still turned over the gay flowers, while the old man pointed out their various beauties, his eye in the meantime, running over the disordered hair, shabby dress, and hazy position, while he mentally contrasted them with Jennie's pent attire.

"Not decided yet?" said Jennie, returning after a short absence.

"No. Come here."

Miss Laura has sent home a calf's head, and I am afraid to trust it entirely to Margaret. I must superintend the dinner, make a pudding and the parlor must be dusted, and no more shall we be troubled with the agitation of this dangerous question, because it will be removed from the Territorial legislatures as from the halls of Congress, when we shall be free to turn our attention to more useful issues—the motives of our growth in national greatness. Our Union must be preserved, but this can only be done by maintaining the Constitution in all its provisions and guarantees.—The Judicial authority, as provided by the Constitution, must be maintained and its decisions implicitly obeyed, as well in regard to the rights of property in the territories as in all other matters.

Hoping for success, and trusting in the truth and justice of the principles of our party, and in that Divine Providence that has watched over us and made us one of the great nations of the earth, and that we may continue to merit Divine protection, I chearfully accept the nomination so unanimously conferred on me, and cordially endorse the platform adopted by the Convention.

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For the Oxford Intelligencer.

Letter from Nashville.

Two days ago I left our own beloved State, and now I find myself in the great Rock City of Tennessee.

I left the Grand Junction on the night train, and after a fine sleep in that greatest of all attachments to the R. R. train—the moon bathed the whole face of nature changed—I looked from a window at the head of my pallet and instead of our valley with its rolling plains extending as far as the eye can reach, we were hurrying through a country hemmed in on all sides by mountains from which there appeared no way of extricating ourselves. The sun was just peeping over their tops, and its rays were striking to penetrate the valleys between, making the dew drops glisten like pearls, and the landscape glow with variegated beauty. Surely Sterne was right when he said "There is n'a spectacle in nature more grand and beautiful than the rising sun; before which the most magnificent dress human art can prepare, falls away, and is as nothing." It was a pleasant day, and changing ears at Stephen's, our "iron horse" carried us safely.

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